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killing, instead of driving the plough or the shuttle. The bones of many hundreds of Irish weavers lie bleaching in the arid plains of Spain, or are rotting in the stagnant marshes of Walcheren. But the old men and women who cannot conveniently go a soldiering, being left behind, they and their children, in numerous and successive troops, covered with rags and vermin, incessantly importune every passenger, and besiege every door and window, with piteous moans and supplications, petitioning for succour and support. The vast number of beggars, of all ages and sexes, and the frightful appearance of their cabins, or hovels, strike every feeling mind with pity and horror. Surely, if the great people at St. James' could have but one view of these miserable creatures, their royal breasts would be touched by compassion, and they would exert their royal wisdom to relieve their wretched subjects in Ireland.

Every sincere well-wisher to his country, in the province of Ulster, venerates the names of HENRY and ROBERT JOY, the founders of much of the wealth and prosperity of Belfast. They sowed their seed in a good soil, and it has yielded an abundant crop. In the eye of virtue and true religion, how vastly superior are these men to those great statesmen and warriors, who busy themselves in planning the misery and destruction of the human race! Such a man was WILLIAM ROSS, of Strabane, who, alone and unsupported, by an almost unexampled zeal and perseverance, introduced and conducted the cotton manufacture amongst his townsmen, and gave bread and employment to numbers of men, women, and children; but death deprived the community of his public-spirited exertions; with him, the manufacture sunk, and there is scarcely a wreck of it left behind. No monumental column rises to adorn the grave of this most excellent man, but he lives in the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens; and this tribute to his memory, the spontaneous offering of a passing traveller, will, I hope, be recorded and perpetuated in the Belfast Magazine.

VIATOR.

*Coleraine, Oct. 1809.*

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

THE CONSTANT SOLDIER.

THE seeds of the social virtues are inherent in the breasts of our countrymen; and though they are deemed the indefeasible inheritors of ignorance, nature has endued them with virtuous affections, so bounteously, that the conduct of our peasantry, in many respects, is capable of awakening to a consciousness of inferiority, and a sense of shame, the more polished and enlightened classes of mankind. To illustrate this position, I beg leave to recite the following *true story*, which came under my observation, some months past, and, which, if it is not inconsistent with the plan of your miscellany, you will oblige me by inserting.

I was walking between Ballymena and Ahoghill, and happened to overtake a middle-aged man, in whose countenance, Lavater would have discovered the hero and the philosopher, although the changes of climate, and the hardships he had undergone, had given an austerity to a face, which had once been engaging: I found strongly inclined to enter into discourse with him, as follows: I presume you have travelled far, friend, said I, as you appear much fatigued? "Yes, master," said he (turning on me an eye, beaming benevolence) "I have, indeed, travelled far, but my present journey seems the most momentous of my life, and my mind is employed in expectation, even against hope—yet a few days, and I shall know if I am to wear out the remainder of my life in happiness or in misery." "You are going for a legacy, perhaps," rejoined I, "and are afraid of the many quirks and devices which;

Base, insidious men  
Have gumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
And lengthen simple justice into trade."

"No," said he, "I should never suffer money, to excite the passions by which I am agitated; but, as you seem interested in my story, I will tell it you."

"I was bred in the county Waterford, and at the age of eighteen I

enlisted in a regiment, which was then quartered in Londonderry. I had just got released from drill, when I one day happened to stroll a little out of town, and while I was ruminating on the felicity of my condition, I was overtaken with a shower, and as soldiers, sir, sometimes fear a shower worse than the shot of the enemy, I did then (what I have never since done, while fighting the battles of my country) fairly took to my heels. I ran into a little cottage where I chanced to see a young woman spinning beside her mother. I am no scholar, sir, and therefore cannot give a very glowing description of her charms; suffice it to say, she had charms sufficient to captivate my heart. I begged leave to visit her, and after some months' courtship, she, with the consent of her mother, made me the happiest of men; three weeks, three little weeks! after the great, the important ceremony had taken place, and oh! dreadful vicissitude! our regiment was ordered to the East Indies, and I had so little ascendancy over my officers, that I was denied that the dear partner of my heart should accompany me; you, sir, may guess my struggles between love and duty, but being allowed little time to reflect, I was hurried on board, and though my heart was rent by the cruel disjunction, I bade her adieu. Twenty-one years and a half, have since expired; the thoughts of my beloved spouse cheered my drooping heart in the days of danger: for some years I received letters from her, but for twelve past, I was not favoured with a single line. I have been discharged, and thanks to my sovereign, I have been made by him independent. I am now, master, travelling to Derry, and if my dear wife is yet alive, I will spend the evening of my days in peaceful sequestration; but if she is dead, or, dire reflection! in the possession of another, I shall not long survive the heart-rending calamity."

Here I seized the honest veteran by the hand, while the big sympathetic sigh burst insensibly from my heart. I wished him success and bade him adieu. S.

September 19, 1809.

The narrator of the above story, has lately learned, that the worthy soldier has found his wife, with a daughter 21 years of age; that he has removed to his own country, there to enjoy the calm contentment he so justly deserved.

Bow your heads! ye lofty sons of dissipation, and let the example of an obscure, ignoble son of Mars, inspire you with a noble emulation of his constancy, and know, assuredly, that you shall, like him, enjoy the happy fruition to which a life spent thus virtuously will entitle you.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

REPLY TO SOME OBSERVATIONS IN THE  
VISIT TO ENGLAND, IN NO. XIV.

IT has been remarked that he who travels through Europe on foot, forms a very different estimate of countries from him who is whirled forward in a carriage. The one has opportunities to see mankind at leisure, and often stays sufficiently long at a place, to examine beyond the first appearances. The other, if even endued with the best talents for discrimination has time to take only a transient view, and has little leisure to judge between appearances and realities which are often separated by an immeasurable distance. In confirmation of the opinion, that it requires time and uninterrupted opportunity to form a just estimate of character, I shall adduce another maxim as to travelling, with which I have met, "that to be shut up for two days with a fellow traveller, in a stage coach, would give more insight into his character, than to meet the same person for two hours in every day for a year."

I would apply these remarks to some parts of "a visit to England," published in your last number. In general I am highly pleased with the observations of your interesting Correspondent; but I am apprehensive that he has adopted too favourable an opinion of the Welsh character.—I cannot lay claim to passing through that country on foot; but a few years ago, I spent about three months in North and South Wales, and traversed most of the principality, under cir-